

Red Vs Blue Vs Green Vs Yellow

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Summary: After Tex leaves permanently, the Reds and Blues discover something very awkward. They find a new colour Green. After battle rages out for a while, the confident Greens start to be tired. They run away and discover a whole other race.

1. The New Arrivals

After the dramatic event of the pelican Tex was in, the Red and Blue armies both returned to their bases.

At the Red base, Griff was looking through his sniper scope, trying to look for any Blues.

"Sarge, why do we even try to kill Blues?" Griff asked curiously.

"Well, it's their colour! Us proud Reds have obtained our armour from my father, and his father got his armour from his father and his father had to knock out the 2nd in commanding Red officer to get his armour. We have to kill the Blues so that the Reds are the only ones surviving!" Sarge replied gruffly.

Griff sighed deeply and continued searching for the Blues.

Griff searched across the plains of Blood Gulch and noticed some unusual pod-like objects.

"Sarge, what's that?" Griff asked.

"That must be the new shipment of Shotguns arriving now! Let's get them before those stinking Blues get there. Come on Simmons! You've always wanted a Shotgun of your own, I might consider giving you one after I get my share of them." Sarge shouted.

"Donut! You coming?" Simmons asked.

"Nah, I'll stay here and shine up my light-red armour. You can never look too good in war." Donut replied.

"Your loss, more Shotguns for me!" Sarge exclaimed.

Meanwhile, at Blue base, Tucker tries to cheer Church up because of the loss of Tex.

"Come on, cheer up, there are plenty of other chicks in the pen" Tucker said reassuringly.

"I guess, I mean, Tex had the whole package." Church replied flatly.

"Yeah, the whole 'package', bow-chicka-bow-wow!" Tucker exclaimed.

"Shut-up man! Sister doesn't have much of a 'package'" Church angrily replied.

"Hey! Who said that I liked Sister?" Tucker said unconvincingly.

"Dude, every time she talks to you drool and always look at her chest, or what you call â€" her 'luggage.' You â€" Church added.

"I saw some do-hickeys in the middle of the plains. They look shiny!" Caboose interrupted.

"Ugh! The Reds have probably sent in another shipment of Shotguns. Let's go destroy them before they get them and start handing our asses to us." Church sighed.

The pods opened up and released steam under the pressure of the door. Each pod had contained a soldier with Green armour.

"Alright! Our mission brief was simple; take out the ones with Blue and Red armour and after we complete our mission, we can go back to the delta station and celebrate with a beer binge! On me!" Moesby explained.

"Scout out for those Red and Blue scums!" Moesby commanded.

"Oh settle down Moe, we'll get this over and done with by dinner." Matt said calmly.

"Yeah, their asses will be our trophies!" Harrison exclaimed.

"Dude, don't go overboard, just stick to what we're paid to do." Matt said.

"Alright, so what's your name soldier?" Moesby asked while pointing to the silent sage soldier scoping through his sniper.

He didn't reply he just kept silent while scouting for the enemy.

"Eh, we'll just call you Spike." Harrison suggested.

Moesby grabbed a Shotgun and Battle Rifle and ran to a nearby ledge

behind a boulder because he sighted the enemy. Harrison and Matt took a Magnum pistol and a Battle Rifle and ran to a dark cave. Spike just grabbed more rounds for his sniper and walked uncaringly towards a high ledge.

Spike fired two warning shots towards both the Reds and the Blues.

"It begins." Moesby murmured to himself.

2. The Trap

Moesby hid and waited for them to turn around so that he can strike the enemy in the back.

He called in his team radio, "Strike when their back is turned and head is high." Moesby commanded.

"Spike, sit back, this'll be over very soon and I want to savour the moment." Moesby said smugly.

Harrison and Matt peered from the side of the cave and were watching what the Reds and the Blues were doing.

"It looks like they're not talking. I thought this was a team war and Red and Blue were rivals." Harrison stated.

"Just wait for the precise moment, it would be too easy if we took them out now. It wouldn't be any fun." Matt sneered.

At the pod crash site, the Reds and the Blues fight for what's in the pods, oblivious that the Green army was inside and took their weaponry with them.

"Get away! Those Shotguns are mine!" Sarge exclaimed.

"Shotguns, I knew it, what else would drop from the sky?" Church acerbically remarked.

"How do you know they're Shotguns anyway Sarge?" Simmons asked.

"What else would drop from the sky? Water?" Sarge replied ignorantly.

"Man, this guy is more idiotic than Caboose! No offence Caboose." Church acknowledged.

"I'm okay with it Church, I get worse remarks from my friend Wally." Caboose replied leisurely.

"Huh? You have friends? Where is he?" Tucker asked acrimoniously.

Caboose pointed to a nearby boulder.

"Dude, he's a rock." Tucker declared.

"No, he's not a rock, he's right here!" Caboose said while wrapped

his arm around air, pretending it's a person, and leaning towards his 'imaginary friend.'

"Oh, imaginary. I can't believe something out of thin air makes even worse remarks than I say about Caboose, this guy is a prodigy!" Church murmured.

"Get off the topic of Caboose having no friends and lets get back to business, there's only one way to decide to get the Shotguns; Death Rally!" Griff suggested.

"Dude, Death Rallies are so stupid, you made it up while everyone else was passing their basic war tactic class. I'm surprised you got here with that D+ and what happened to that active grenade you planted during â€" Simmons remarked.

"Just shut-up and grab those Shotguns!" Sarge interrupted.

The Reds charged towards the pods as so did the Blues. Caboose, of course, fell over his friend Wally.

"Wally, watch it, I'm in the middle of something here and there's no time to play Duck-Duck-Goose!" Caboose exclaimed.

Sarge, of course, blasted a few Shotgun shells into Caboose's leg and jumped into the pod site.

"Ha! Take that you stinkin' Blues. I win and get all the Shotguns!" Sarge assumed.

Sarge put his hand in one of the pods and picked up an SMG.

"What the? This is a crap-tacular SMG, what a piece of shit!" Sarge complained.

"This isn't filled with Shotguns at all, this is a soldier carrier pod!" Church exclaimed.

"What? There are more scums to kill?" Sarge queried idiotically.

"Or maybe some reinforcements?" Griff suggested.

"Yeah, as I said, more scums to kill." Sarge replied.

"Don't be an idiot Sarge, it might be some sexy chicks, maybe it's Sister's long-lost hot cousin or it's some strippers! Bow-chicka-bow-wow! I'm gonna rock their worlds!" Tucker excitedly nominated.

"Look, we all have to work together to find these new contacts, it may be those aliens that we saw before. There might be another sword! This time Tex won't get her hands on it!" Tucker exclaimed.

Church started to cry and ran back to Blue base.

"Man, what a wuss." Sarge murmured.

"Well, I guess lets split up and find those new contacts." Griff stated.

"Wally and I will go look around the bases to see if they've killed Church yet." Caboose said.

"Simmons! Come with me and lets look down in that cave we were in before!" Sarge commanded.

"I guess I'll be alone and go the mountains and search for those hot chicks!" Tucker conceitedly said.

Meanwhile, back to the Green army's perspective.

"Looks like they're moving out and the one with singing 'bow-chick-bow-wow' is the closest, lets go take him out." Harrison suggested.

"No, it won't be fun picking them off one-by-one. Let's scout out and wait for them to regroup and charge in and kill them all off. It'll save time searching for them all." Matt sneered.

"Good idea, Spike and I will go towards the Blue base while you two go towards the Red base. Hide until they come and radio in when it looks like a massive group making a rendezvous spot." Moesby commanded.

Spike met up with Moesby and moved towards the Blue base. Matt and Harrison made their way stealthily towards the Red Base. Once they reached the bases, they waited curiously for the enemy to fall into their trap.

After waiting about an hour, the Reds and Blues finally returned to their bases.

"Man! No hot chicks anywhere! Not even those 'New Contacts' everyone else was talking about." Tucker droopily complained.

"We were looking for 'hot chicks'? I thought we were trying to find new people to be friends with." Caboose ignorantly questioned.

"No, you idiot! We were trying to find new contacts! Oh never mind, just rest until tomorrow, we'll search more tomorrow." Church shouted.

Meanwhile, at the Red base, Donut was found sleeping next to the warthog with his very clean armour.

"Damn it! No one to use my Shotgun on! What a complete waste of time!" Sarge exclaimed.

"It wasn't that bad, I found a cool looking thing." Griff replied while holding up a round blue sphere with a hint of red in the middle.

"Dude! That's a grenade!" Simmons shouted.

"Oops!" Griff said while throwing it away oblivious that he activated it a few seconds before he threw it. It landed next to the warthog where Donut was.

As Donut just woke up, he noticed the glowing grenade.

"What's that?" Donut asked drearily.

The grenade had exploded and Donut had been blown to bits.

"Donut, we barely knew ye. Who gives a shit? He's dead! Let's celebrate!" Sarge exclaimed.

"Hey! You guys blew up my robot!" Donut complained.

"Damn, he's not actually dead." Sarge muttered.

"Let's all hit the hay, I'm pooped." Griff yawned.

"Idiots, just sleep oblivious to the superb Green army invading their base!" Moesby muttered.

Moesby kicked Church saying "Wake-up! You're under hostage!"

At Red base, Matt got out a Magnum pistol and shot Sarge in the legs a couple of times. Sarge had woken up and screamed in agony.

"It's your wake-up call from hotel hostage." Matt softly added.

3. Exploration

The Reds and the Blues, who are both being held captive, try to resist the interrogation being held by the Green team.

At the Blue base, Moesby tries to get Church to spill out information by kicking him and shooting him in painful positions.

"I don't have all day, just give us information and we'll think about letting you go." Moesby said softly.

"This is where we and those Red scums reside. This place looks familiar to our Blood Gulch from centuries ago. Either way, they both are surrounded by steep mountains, so there is generally no chance of escaping by foot or ground vehicle." Church replied.

"So why do you need this information? We all just use these bases to our advantage and pointlessly attempt to kill each other." Tucker asked.

"It's none of your business. So, why do you guys try to kill each other in the first place anyway?" Moesby asked.

"Come to think of it, I have no idea. Why don't we just start a political party and try to take action of the world when you're a couple of centuries forward and stranded by freaking mountains!" Church replied sarcastically. "We kill each other to survive, and when we don't have those idiotic Reds on our backs, we can finish our mission and return home."

"What is your mission?" Moesby immediately requested.

"Well, we have to get to the other base and try to take their 'icon'." Caboose replied.

"Icon? Is there some sacred meaning towards this?" Moesby

questioned.

"Yeah, it's sort of a glowing looking thing and we have to steal it and finish the puzzle, that is our entire mission. We are just only two teams of maybe hundreds. Although we traveled through time a few centuries, there might be a few teams surviving." Church answered.

"Hm, icon? You mean one of these?" Moe asked while pulling out a trimmed stone with green glowing lights emitting from it.

"It looks a bit awkward, but I think that it's one of the pieces." Caboose replied.

"Are you done with this already? I've got to "talk" to Sister." Tucker replied mysteriously.

"I guess, but we'll hunt you down like dogs. Don't think of this as a pity lesson, we're gonna own your asses once we're done with you!" Moe confidently said while giving them the finger.

Moesby walked upstairs to the roof where Spike was scoping out to see if Harrison and Matt were finished getting the information they needed.

"Are they finished?" Moesby asked.

Spike nodded his head when he saw Matt coming up the stairs to the roof. He was about to set the flare grenade to officially begin the slaughter of the Red and Blue team.

Harrison threw a flaming grenade up into the air as high as he could and shot at it with a pistol.

The grenade exploded immensely into a blue blaze.

As soon as Spike saw the flare grenade, he automatically lay down and looked through his sniper scope.

"Dude, do you ever do anything besides using that sniper?" Moesby asked sarcastically.

Spike didn't respond but reached into his pocket and took out his ipod. He began to move the ipod wheel around and pressed a few buttons. Spike took out earphones and began to play music loudly. Moe could hear it clearly from 10 metres from him.

"Ipod? I guess he does do something besides from standing silently scoping through his sniper." Moe murmured to himself.

Spike was listening to an instrumental of "Blow Me Away" by Breaking Benjamin and tapped his foot accordingly to every loud drumbeat.

"Moe, the Reds have created a massive army of rampaging red robots in the basement level of their base. Get ready for a whole lot of them coming your way." Matt informed over the radio.

"Spike, you up to the robot killing?" Moesby asked gruffly.

Spike nodded his head and loaded a new magazine into his customized sniper.

There was a brief moment of silence as Moesby, Spike, Matt and Harrison all loaded their weapons and prepared for the slaughter.

The brief silence ended as waves and waves of red coloured robots started stampeding out of the Red base.

Spike shot two simultaneous shots and they both lodged straight into a robot's head.

"Whoa, dead precise accuracy, let's do this!" Moe exclaimed.

Spike kneeled on one leg and started to shoot lots of bullets at a rapid rate of approximately 3 shots per second.

He had a large crate next to him with hundreds of loaded magazines, ready for reloading when needed.

Matt and Harrison attempted to keep the robots near the Red base by shooting some in the head causing the corpse to block the path.

Moesby ran into the middle of the battlefield and started to fire hasty rounds of Battle Rifle ammunition.

"I love this new customized version of the Battle Rifle." Moesby murmured to his radio.

"Yeah, you're the lucky one who got to test out the new BR56. I hate how the mission station gives out test weapons to randomly chosen soldiers of any rank." Harrison enviously stated.

Hundreds of corpses lay dead on the ground. All of the robots have been eliminated.

"Ha! Beat us now! A ratio of 4:100s, we still kicked their ass!" Matt exclaimed cheerfully.

All the members of the Green army had set a rendezvous point at the middle of the battlefield.

Moesby walked forward slightly and fell down a hole. Matt and Harrison followed him.

Spike walked slowly towards the dark, deep, dank hole and slid down. He turned on his immensely bright flashlight on his latest customized 992-S2 F2X0 Sniper Rifle.

"Man, his light is too bright, who would need a light that bright?" Matt rhetorically asked.

Spike lead through the wet tunnels and found a source of light.

He turned on the switch and low powered lights became active from the top parts of the cave. The cave was huge and the Green team was unaware that the Reds had information about the cave.

They explored the area and looked around for the icons that the Blues had mentioned.

Spike walked towards a high ledge and looked out for any enemies about. He turned off his ipod music off and looked around.

Matt and Harrison explored the main ruin in the middle of the cave. While Moesby scouted further away from the main building in search of the icons.

"Ugh, man this place stinks." Moe whispered to himself.

Moesby walked deeper away from his teammates.

Suddenly, a very awkward body leaps out at Moe. Moesby attempts to kill it with his Battle Rifle, but the BR56 was specialized in quick, small heat seeking bullets (with small heat seeking bullets, the bullets would curve only about 20 degrees) but the body just kept attempting to maul Moe.

A sniper shot came from the dark and killed the infected body.

"That's 'the flood.' They're blood-sucking parasites trying to attack anyone it sees. It may even try to convert what it attacks into a flood itself." A voice stated from in the darkness.

"Thanks Spike, I didn't know that you talked or even knew about these 'flood'." Moe thanked.

"What? I'm Brent." Brent introduced.

Brent walked out of the darkness and into Moe's flashlight.

"What the-?!" Moe exclaimed. "Your armourâ€¦ its yellow."

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file.